

PARKER'S ATTIRE.

Clothes Worn by Democratic Presidential Candidate.

WARDROBE IS EXTENSIVE

In All His Apparel He Manifests a Quiet Subdued Taste—Said to Be the Best Dressed Presidential Candidate Since Arthur's Time.

Ex-Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic nominee for president of the United States, is the best dressed presidential candidate since Chester A. Arthur's time, says the New York World. When he comes to New York on his visits he brings with him only a small part of his extensive wardrobe, but that is enough to show him a man of quiet, refined taste, who keeps up with the fashions and wears the best that the Fifth avenue tailors and haberdashers provide.

At Rosemont a much wider range of apparel is possible than at his hotel in New York. At Rosemont the Judge has suits for bathing, riding, driving, farming, informal house receptions, negligees, church formal occasions and evening dress. All told he has appeared in fifteen different suits of clothes since his nomination.

On his visits to New York he brings only three or four suits. These are packed in two huge suit cases, which together hold as much as a steamer trunk. Besides them the Judge's only baggage is a well worn leather hatbox which he carries himself and which contains an extra silk hat.

In all his wearing apparel Judge Parker manifests a quiet, subdued taste. Even his bathing suit, riding clothes and negligee suits are in quiet color. Very dark gray, white and black are the usual combination. This applies to his cravats and socks as well as to his suits and overcoats.

The days he worked on the farm Judge Parker dressed six or seven times—first in his bathing suit, then a lounge suit for breakfast, a change to

his riding clothes for a morning center, a change back to the subway or sack suit for luncheon, then to the farming rig in the latter part of the afternoon and then another bath and his evening dress for dinner.

It is in his negligee and reception attire that the Judge has the widest range. He has worn several suits of flannels, white or white with a perpendicular dark stripe, the trousers turned up at the bottom, and black patent leather shoes. As a change from these he has several sack suits, black or blue, which he wears with white duck trousers held in place by a belt, and negligee shirts of white with a narrow black or dark blue stripe. With these he wears bow ties, of which he has a great variety.

Judge Parker's favorite costume when receiving delegations on the porch at Rosemont was a long cut-away coat, dark striped trousers and black patent leather shoes. He has small feet and sees that they are amply shod. Recently and on his New York visits the Judge has worn either a heavy corded black silk four-in-hand or a soft flowing tie. The four-in-hands are secured by a large rough pearl held in a claw setting.

The Judge has been wearing a new style of turndown collar, a compromise between the high turndown collars and the old style.

His frock coats are reserved for ceremonious occasions, like notification day and when the national committee calls. He wears a silk faced coat which he keeps partly buttoned when speaking or shaking hands. His gloves are dark tan shades, heavy for riding and driving and lighter in weight for traveling or walking. His silk hats are always perfect in their gloss.

ARMY AND NAVY NOTES.

There are now 39,849 men serving in the United States navy.

The armor of Afghanistan has selected a new uniform for his army, to be made out of the same cloth as is used for the Russian uniform. It is said that the soldiers will refuse to wear it.

The British government is experimenting with a new torpedo for destroying submarine mines. Its mechanism is such that, if it misses the mine it has been fired at, it sinks when it reaches its limit range.

Japan learned much about war from Germany, but now the teacher turns to the pupil. Germany has condemned her quick firing field artillery as obsolete and adopted a style of gun like that in use in the Japanese army. The German guns have only been in use six years.

SEEING THE FAIR IN DETAIL

Interior of a Damascus Palace of the Time of the Caliphs.

CURIOUS THINGS OF VALUE

The Choicest Rug in the World Once Lay Upon the Floor of the Alhambra, and It Is at the World's Fair.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MARK DENNETT.)

The palaces of the Alhambra have for so many generations been the theme of poetry and prose that one can but pause with confused emotions before one of the greatest treasures of the world, a silk rug of rarest sheen that lay upon the floor of one of these princely apartments when Moorish royalty dwelt in splendor there. More than one king's foot has pressed the pile of this precious reminder of Moorish glory before Andalusia was swept clean of her swarthy Moors. Apart from its association with romance, history and regal luxury, the rug is a thing that an emperor today might justly covet, for the art that made it is one of the lost secrets. The harmony of color is worthy of an artist's devotion. Among the shades is the royal purple of Abdurrahman II., the Moorish ruler most famed for his luxurious tastes, who encouraged industries that embraced such exquisite work as this. I found this rug in the greatest treasure house of the exposition, the Bengali collection of ancient art, which stands near the Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game.

Elphraim Bengali comes of an illustrious Spanish family which traces its origin back as far as the eleventh century. He has been an art collector all his life, and this is the first time that he has had so many of his treasures together in one place. A million dollars probably would not buy them. Associated with him is his son, Mordecai Bengali, who is but little less enthusiastic in his search for rare works of every art.

To sit within the walls of a Damascus palace and weave anew the romances that were enacted within those selfsame walls in ancient days were revelry of mind indeed.

What strange, deep panelings in those three great canopies! What echoes have reverberated in those shadows in the far past! What scenes have these lofty cupped ceilings looked down upon in the long ago! How like canopies they are, too, with long draperies of rich wood carvings and raised painted designs hanging low at the corners!

What curious old tiles, with Arabic inscriptions from the Koran, brilliant as the day they came clean from the glazing oven a thousand years ago! One of the tiles will be pointed out to you as containing a reference to the Christ. Here is a translation of the inscription:

By the believers came tidings of victory sent them by God. O believers, be the followers of God! Remember that when the Son of Mary asked his disciples, "Who will follow me to God?" they answered, "We are the followers of God."

At the far end is a carved wood lattice of large mesh. We come closer. Beyond the lattice is the family mausoleum, a place without a door. It is forbidden that the living shall go in, and surely the dead hath no need of doors. We may look through to acquaint ourselves with the customs of ten centuries ago in Syria, for this was a palace of the caliphs. The living then did not part from their loved ones when death came between them, but kept them ever close, to be thought of and cherished, lending a sweetness to the sorrow of those bereft. The little room has pleasant furnishings, things that were loved, perhaps, by those now gone. In the center is a catafalque covered with a choice rug, but only the eyes may enter, except by some secret passage, perhaps, to keep the room fresh and beautiful.

"How came you by these rarest of treasures?" I asked the elder Bengali, as I sat looking into the mosaic fountain which had reflected the smiles of Syrian women 600 years before.

"It is a curious story, for this palace room is a great treasure even in Damascus. As you may know, I inherited from my father a love of art objects, and my whole life has been spent in their collection. I came in contact from boyhood with people who appreciated rare and beautiful things and was commissioned many years ago to plan certain rooms in the palace at Gibraltar for the Duke of Cornwall. These rooms were a success, and the

duke and all his family, as well as the present King Edward, were very fond of them. This success gave me a certain prestige, and I came to be consulted by wealthy collectors. I had become acquainted with this very palace room, which stood with others among some ancient ruins in the Malidan, in Damascus, much admired by those who visited the city as well as by the people of Damascus.

"Frederick Leighton, afterward Sir Frederick, was an art lover and a close friend of mine, and he asked me one day if I had lately found anything of special interest. Of course I told him of the Damascus palace. His interest was at once kindled to enthusiasm, and he said to me, 'Bengali, go get that for me.'

"How much shall I pay?" I asked. "He said, 'I will sign a check, you fill it out, and I'll give you £1,000 be sides for your trouble.'

"I protested that it was not business-like, but he insisted, so I went to Damascus. It took a long time to get well acquainted with the people who controlled the ruins, and when I did I found that the palace could not be obtained for love or money; I gave up my enterprise most reluctantly. That was over thirty years ago, in 1873. A number of years later Sir Frederick Leighton died, and my brothers and I bought many of his art treasures.

"When the world's fair at Chicago opened I was there with more than 600 valuable rugs on display in the Turkish section. One day when looking about the grounds with my son my eyes fell upon the sign, 'Damascus Palace.' Was it not strange? Do you wonder that I of all others was most attracted? We went inside, little dreaming that we should see this beautiful interior. My recollection flew back twenty years to Damascus. I drew my son to me and said to him: 'My boy, look around you. I would give all I have to possess this.' The boy could not believe his father's words.

"From this day on I planned to buy this exquisite work. Marshall Field came to buy it and was told to come at the close of the fair and he could have it at a bargain. A Boston millionaire likewise wanted to buy it and also was told to come at the end of the fair, and so on, a number of others. Finally I found out how it happened that the precious palace was here in America. It seems that the Turkish government wanted to send something very choice to the fair, and four enterprising citizens suggested the palace room, offering to pay the entire expenses of taking it down and transporting it if they could have it for their display at the exposition. I became acquainted with the principal owner and finally proposed that he sell it to me after the fair. He knew of my great collection of rugs and suggested a trade. I told him to select what he wanted and we would make a bargain. So we traded, rugs for palace. I bought out the shareholders one by one till I owned all, two months before the close of the fair. I had many offers for my treasure, but I determined to keep it as long as I could afford and enjoy its beauties with my friends. For eleven years I have had it packed away in Boston, paying \$40 a month storage. I have set it up again here for those to see who love and appreciate such rare and wonderful things."

Two hundred years ago when the Christians of Crete were persecuted they fled to the mountains, and there the women wore their rugs in imitation of cathedral windows, duplicating the colors of the glass as nearly as they could in wool and silk. These rugs were hung upon ropes stretched from tree to tree to remind them of the sacred interiors of their cathedrals, and there they worshiped. Here are some of the rugs of that period with the cathedral window patterns. They are hung by Mr. Bengali just as they were hung two centuries ago by the Cretan women to resemble a church interior. Above them are paintings, also from ancient churches, representing Pharaoh's daughter and the infant Moses, Joseph and his brethren, Moses smiting the rock for water and others.

The queen's jubilee gifts are those in comparison with some of the works in the Bengali collection. Here is a silk rug bought from the collection of Henry G. Marquand for \$8,000. Here is another silk rug, 17 by 25 feet, containing 800 stitches to the square inch, that took the working hours of eleven persons for twenty-eight years. It is of priceless value. Here is a Chinese bed of carved teak wood finer than anything in the Chinese government exhibit. Here is an altar frontal of great age from an old cathedral of Italy embroidered in thread of chemically pure gold worth several hundred dollars per ounce. But its true value lies in the art that made it. Here is a magnificent carriage used by a Portuguese king 400 years ago. It is red and gold, with elaborate carved wood ornaments and panels of Venetian marble. The interior is of silk velvet de l'epoche. I might name a thousand other things of this wonderful store.

Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

In October Days.

The bright eyed equine, furry, fleet, A gleaming go, with patter patter. Brown nose, polished by early frost. On the moor below by the winds are tossed.

Mane and hickory, ash and oak, Rich has donned a gorgeous cloak. Red haws gleam the handle near. Dry grass waves on the upland near. The year's rest in the yellow haze That crowns with gold these royal days. —Sara Andrew Shaver in Outlook For October.

An Odd Chinese Law.

Persons bearing the same surname, although they may not be related in any way, are forbidden to marry in China.



Miss Whittaker, a prominent club woman of Savannah, Ga., tells how she was entirely cured of ovarian troubles by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I heartily recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a Uterine Tonic and Regulator. I suffered for four years with irregularities and Uterine troubles. No one but those who have experienced this dreadful agony can form any idea of the physical and mental misery those endure who are thus afflicted. Your Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. I was fully restored to health and strength, and now my periods are regular and painless. What a blessing it is to be able to obtain such a remedy when so many doctors fail to help you. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is better than any doctor or medicine I ever had. Very truly yours, MISS EASY WHITTAKER, 604 9th St., W. Savannah, Ga."

No physician in the world has had such a training or such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills as Mrs. Pinkham. In her office at Lynn, Mass., she is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own trouble who will not take the pains to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free.

A letter from another woman showing what was accomplished in her case by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I am so grateful to you for the help Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me that I deem it but a small return to write you an expression of my experience.

"Many years suffering with weakness, inflammation, and a broken down system, made me more anxious to die than live, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound soon restored my lost strength. Taking the medicine only two weeks produced a radical change, and two months restored me to perfect health. I am now a changed woman, and my friends wonder at the change, it is so marvellous. Sincerely yours, MISS MATTIE HENRY, 429 Green St., Danville, Va."

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women prove beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Cared Pumpkins in His Sleep.

While in a recent somnambulistic state Caleb Vavaler of Lower Bank, N. J., got up at midnight and, going to his barn, hitched his horse to the wagon and drove out to his field, where he had a large lot of pumpkins. Says an Egg Harbor, N. J., dispatch to the Philadelphia Public Ledger: There he loaded his wagon and took them home. He then unhitched his horse and went to bed. The next morning when Mrs. Vavaler got up she saw that several loads of pumpkins had been carted into the shed which were not there the evening before. When she called her husband's attention to it he was exceedingly surprised and thought his neighbors had played a joke on him. He questioned them and was again surprised when they told him that he himself had carted them there during the night.

School Lunches at Three Cents.

Plans are being perfected at Milwaukee for serving lunches to children at the public schools, says the Chicago Record-Herald. It is believed lunches can be furnished for 3 cents each. The expense will be borne by public subscription.

Trolley Roads Everywhere.

Signs are not wanting that electric railroading is soon to take a much wider scope than the accommodation of local passengers, says the Pittsburgh Gazette. It is becoming, if it has not already become, a rival to steam railroading. The suburban and interurban lines foreshadow the possibility of transcontinental systems.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Sir Thomas Lipton still hopes to get possession of that cup before the airship takes the place of the yacht among sportsmen.—Washington Star.

The best way to cure disease is to prevent it, and typhoid fever is one disease whose origin is easily traced to the country, and that is where it should be attacked.—Philadelphia Press.

The esteemed newspapers are making as much fuss over the fact that bad whiskey killed a few people the other day as if bad whiskey hadn't been doing that sort of work for a century or so.—Newark News.

England is doing great things for Egypt, and its work promises to make the Nile valley the seat of a new civilization which, if less picturesque than the old one, will contribute vastly more to human well being and happiness.—New York Times.

A SENSIBLE MOTHER

Proud of her children's teeth, consults a dentist and learns that the beauty of permanent teeth depends on the care taken of the first set.

SOZODONT Liquid and Powder

should be used. The Liquid to penetrate into the little crevices and purify them; the Powder to polish the outer surface and prevent the accumulation of tartar.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

Fancy Creamery Butter.

The Ice Cream season is over except on orders, but we are still making that Fancy Creamery Butter which pleases so many people. Have you tried it?

Granite City Creamery,

Worthen Block, Keith Avenue.

L. B. DODGE, Proprietor.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

Her Disappearance

(Original.)

Adelaide Warren was possessed of a comfortable fortune, and it was natural she should fear that the man she married would be influenced by this rather than a disinterested love. Howard Wright was the man who won her preference, and she only hesitated to accept him on account of this dread. Howard had no fortune. He had been graduated at the law and had only commenced his practice. After much hesitation on account of the disparity of their resources and a bating encouragement from Adelaide he proposed to her. She took the proposition under advisement.

"True love," she argued, "such love as I wish for, is constant. If Howard loves me as he says he does, he will wait a long time for me, and if I die he will never marry. Why can't I die and come to life again a few years later just to see how true he has been to my memory? Why not disappear and be forgotten?"

The idea having once found a lodgment, she put it into execution. She was well situated to do so, having no parent, or brothers or sisters. She made a will tying up her property for two years after her death, then, taking all the ready money she required, went abroad, first giving Howard a favorable answer to his suit. She wrote him from London, from Paris, from Constantinople. This was the last heard from her directly. News came that an American lady had disappeared from a steamer on the Nile whose baggage showed plainly that she was Miss Adelaide Warren.

Howard Wright was loath to believe that his fiancée had walked into the Nile either as a somnambulist or a suicide or rather suffering from delirium. He waited believing that she had not gone aboard the steamer, as was supposed. However, when three months passed with no news of her he scraped together what money he could and went abroad to investigate the matter. At Alexandria he deived into it, questioning those employed on the steamer from which Adelaide had disappeared as well as police officials, but could find no clue. After a month spent in these fruitless investigations he concluded to go home; but, meeting a college classmate, Louis Hunt, who had been sent out by his university to fit himself for a professorship of the Greek language and literature, Howard was persuaded to go over with him to Athens. Hunt was studying in Athens and had gone to Egypt on a brief tour.

Howard was despondent at the loss of his betrothed, with whom he had been very much in love. Indeed, since there was doubt as to her death, he loved her still. He was therefore loath to go with his friend, but the young professor told him that he wished him to see a Greek lady with whom he was

much in love and whose consent to their marriage he expected on his return. While searching for the home of one of the Greek poets he had encountered her in a village near Athens. Hunt had found her a more interesting study than the homes of the poets. She was well educated, had spent many years in England, spoke the English language perfectly and was personally very attractive. Her name was Helena Merianis.

When they arrived in Athens the young professor drove out alone to receive an answer to his proposition of marriage. When he returned he was jubilant, having been accepted, though he was much chagrined at having been obliged to promise to become a Greek citizen and live with his wife in that country. In vain he had tried to move the lady by telling of the position awaiting him in America and his inability to make a living in Greece. She only reiterated that she would not go to America and would live in the villa which she was then occupying.

"Go with me to see her tomorrow, Howard," said Hunt, "and put the case to her for me, as I could not put it myself."

Howard consented, and the next morning the two drove out to Helena Merianis' villa. The grounds were spacious, through which a carriage way led to the house. Hunt saw a figure at an upper window and waved his handkerchief. Wright was thinking of his own lost love and unmindful of everything else. The figure disappeared from the window, and the men alighted at the portal. Hunt told a servant to go and tell his mistress that he had brought a friend to call upon her.

After a long wait—as impatient one to Hunt—the servant returned and reported that his mistress must have gone out since she was not to be found. Hunt angrily replied that he had seen her at a window and started to look for her himself. He went through the house and, not finding her, frightened at her sudden disappearance, called Wright to join him, and the two scoured the grounds inclosed in a high wall.

They approached the stable and found the door locked. Hunt climbed in at a window and unfastened the door, which had been locked from within and the key left in the lock. Wright entered, and at the same moment a footstep was heard on the floor above. Mounting a ladder, they found themselves in a hayloft. Making their way around to an interval between the wall and the hay, crouched in a corner they found a woman. Hunt led her gently forth, pulled her hand away from her face and disclosed the features of Adelaide Warren.

Only a photograph for each of the participants could have secured an accurate description of the scene that followed. The two men returned to Athens, thence to America. Miss Warren remained for life in Greece and died unmarried.

EDITH F. BAKER.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Freckles, Moth Patches, Blemishes, and Skin Diseases, and gives beautiful complexion. It has done the best of 26 years, and is so harmless we can use it as often as we desire. It is a perfect skin preparation. As you may know, I inherited from my father a love of art objects, and my whole life has been spent in their collection. I came in contact from boyhood with people who appreciated rare and beautiful things and was commissioned many years ago to plan certain rooms in the palace at Gibraltar for the Duke of Cornwall. These rooms were a success, and the



As the least harmful of all skin preparations. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada, and Europe. FERO, T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 West Jones St., N. Y.